

EDITORIALS

The March of Dimes

Through the March of Dimes, which financed Dr. Jonas Salk's work on the vaccine against polio, victory over this devastating disease has now been brought within the reach of mankind. Two things more—both possible, both practical—need to be done to finish the job and clinch the victory.

1. If everybody gives generously to the 1957 March of Dimes, new hope, new usefulness, a new and better life for many of those who have already been stricken by polio will be a possibility in the future.

2. If everybody between the ages of 6 months and 35 years get vaccinated, polio itself would very shortly be a thing of the past.

Since it began its fight to wipe out this crippling life-blighting affliction, the March of Dimes has marched a two-way street: to give help to those who needed it and to protect those who didn't.

Today, with victory in sight, joining the March of Dimes means, more than ever before, giving and getting.

In this 1957 March of Dimes, let's express our gratitude by giving to help those for whom the vaccine is too late. And let's safeguard ourselves by getting vaccinated early. Best time to do both is now.

Let's Go to Work

Mr. Frohnhoefer's query to the HERALD this week about the float in the Pasadena Tournament of Roses stirred up considerable reaction following its publication Thursday, and a number of persons have written and telephoned to comment on the matter.

No one seemed to oppose the idea of Torrance entering a float in the internationally renowned parade.

It would seem that in a city of 85,000 persons, someone could be found who take on the responsibility of getting the city's entry in the parade and before the television sets which flash the city's name into homes from coast to coast.

The value of Torrance's participation in this annual event should not be underestimated. If a public subscription is needed to finance the entry, the HERALD is sure that the residents of Torrance would take enough pride in the city to help with the project. And as for the volunteer, flowerstuffing job the night before—we'll wager there would be more than enough volunteers for the job.

Short Takes . . .

Altoona (Pa.) Mirror: "It makes dismal reading that for the second successive year the Nobel peace prize committee meeting in Norway has been unable to find anyone worthy of its cherished award. . . . In many corners of the earth leaders in varying walks of life are striving desperately to accomplish it. Despite their efforts, the Nobel committee had to say sadly: 'None of these will do.' And as the committee returns to the search for another year, the explosive events of Europe and the Middle East underscore their trials."

THE MAIL BOX

(The Torrance Herald welcomes expressions from its readers which can be published on this page. The editors retain the right to edit the copy for matters of libel and good taste. Letters should be kept brief and must be signed. The writer's name will be withheld if requested. Opinions expressed in letters here published represent those of the writer and not necessarily those of the Torrance Herald.)

We're All Too Busy

Editor, Torrance Herald: This, I believe, will satisfactorily answer Mr. Frohnhoefer's question: "We were all so busy celebrating our own good fortune in becoming one of the All America cities that we overlooked the benefits of the float in the Rose Parade." —A. N.

Must Start Today

Editor, Torrance Herald: Mr. Frohnhoefer has raised a "good question when he inquires about Torrance's float in the Rose Parade. I think the best answer to his query as to why the city did not have a float in again this year is a matter of leadership—or the lack of it.

"Designing, building, and entering a float in the internationally hailed Tournament of Roses takes weeks and months of work (at no pay) on the part of a lot of civic-minded residents. Unless the city can put up a few thousand dollars to have the work done, someone must assume the role of spearheading a drive for funds, reserve the space NOW for next year's parade, and follow through to get the float designed, built, and in the line of march on New Year's Day.

The reason Torrance did not have a float in this year's parade is because no one did anything about it a year ago. —JIM SCULLY

Wants Explanation

Editor, Torrance Herald: As a Torrance resident, I would like to have you or a city official explain why Torrance does not enter a float in the Rose Parade.

Well, guess I blew all the steam I have . . . but I just hope one of the hundreds that are going to be answered will be printed at least so that people can wake up and know that there really is the fair City of Torrance. —GILBERT H. CORTEZ

Planning Needed

Editor, Torrance Herald: Answer to Mr. Frohnhoefer's query: My most logical explanation would be: Torrance received the All America City award because it is well planned and operated systematically. This award was publicly announced Thursday, Dec. 27th, 1956. What kind of a float could have been designed, made, and placed in a competitive field of beauty within four days? This time consuming project must also be done systematically. —T. B.

Is Your Face Red?

Editor, Torrance Herald, Someone's face should be vermillion color by now, especially the city fathers: As you know, my dear sir, that the fair city of Torrance is not only the sixth city in population in Los Angeles County, but was also chosen the All America City of the entire nation, and it seems like with all the industries and business places such as General Petroleum, Columbia Steel, Douglas Aircraft, National Supply, Jim Dandy Store, Roth's Market, Foods Co., and Safeway—whom do you really think is to blame for not having a tournament of roses float if not the best ever seen. Why let the smaller cities show us up? Now the mistake is already done, so let's not ever repeat it again. Have our Chamber of Commerce or Councilmen keep the ball a rolling, and ask for some donations from the above for next year.

I began to feel depressed so I visited my clergyman. He suggested I have a family and try to lead a good life. My husband laughed in my face. I tried to flatter him saying a child with MY looks and HIS brains would be a great contribution to the human race. He said "What if the

Altitude Record In Danger



YOUR PROBLEMS

By ANN LANDERS

Dear Ann: I've been married 13-years and have three daughters. My husband has complained of a headache, a back ache or a pain in the neck every single day since we've been married.

He's always too "hill" to take me any place, yet he's well enough to go to lodge meetings and hasn't missed a Tuesday night's bowling in years. During the summer he plays baseball four times a week.

How can a man work from 3 p.m. until 4 a.m. Monday through Saturday, be so active in sports and yet complain of poor health constantly? Every minute he spends at home he's "sick in bed." Please tell me. —Mrs. W.

Your husband isn't "sick in bed," he's HIDING in bed. The reason some men complain about a chronic "pain in the neck" is they feel they are married to one.

Your marriage is sick, not your husband. You need an experienced counselor to help both of you get the kinks out of this partnership. It may take psychiatric help but it's well worth the time and money. A husband who has to retreat to a four-poster must find his home-life unbearable.

Dear Ann: Our daughter was born a little "too soon" after our marriage. We were able to keep it quiet because we moved from the hometown and nobody asked questions.

Now our daughter is grown. Her new job required a birth certificate so she went to the City Hall and saw the authentic document. She was shocked to discover her birthday is actually May although she's been celebrating in August.

We have told her there's an error somewhere, but she's suspicious. Is there an honorable way out now? We are terribly upset and don't know what to do. Please advise us. —S.O.S.

Your daughter wasn't born "too soon"—you were married too late. Since she's near the original certificate she's more than "suspicious," she's convinced.

To deny facts when they stare you in the face in the form of a legal document, is unrealistic. The truth should not make a great deal of difference if you've been kind and loving parents all these years. Fess up—then drop it.

Dear Ann: At the age of 17 my money-hungry mother talked me into marriage with a man 44. By the time I was 20 I had had at least eight romances with younger fellows.

I began to feel depressed so I visited my clergyman. He suggested I have a family and try to lead a good life. My husband laughed in my face. I tried to flatter him saying a child with MY looks and HIS brains would be a great contribution to the human race. He said "What if the

child has YOUR brains and MY looks—we'd have to drown him!" This was the last straw so I hit him with a monkey-wrench.

When he regained consciousness he started divorce proceedings from the hospital. His lawyer is real slick and it's beginning to look like I'm not going to get a settlement or alimony. I think I'm entitled to SOMETHING for giving him the flower of my youth. I read in the papers about women who get whopping big settlements. How do they do it? —Cheated Woman

Not by clobbering the beloved with a monkey-wrench, Sister. You're entitled to "something" all right and you'll be lucky if you don't get it. A woman who gets careless with carpenter tools and puts her husband in the hospital could be charged with assault and battery. If you come out of this with

ONLY nothing you're more fortunate than you deserve.

Dear Ann: For two years I've been keeping steady company with a middle-aged lady. She's a secretary and lives with her 79-year-old mother. We get along well and I want to get married. But she keeps stalling and I'm sure it's because she doesn't want to leave "mama." Am I a fool to go on with this or shall I be patient? Her mother is in excellent health and not dependent in the least. —Puzzled

This is a switch—a middle-aged lady who's so tied up with "mama" that she's dragging her feet on the way to the altar.

Tell her "either—or" and don't go into mourning if it's "or." A reluctant bride makes a poor wife.

Ann Landers will be happy to help you with your problems. Send them to her in care of the HERALD and enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

GLAZED BITS

By BARNEY GLAZER

A young G.I. was about to leave a bus when he discovered that a gift he had purchased for his mother had been stolen. He left his name and residence address with the bus driver in case the missing steam iron was recovered. Three weeks later, after he had returned to camp, he received the following note from his mother: "What am I supposed to do with the three steam irons you sent me?"

Every time an atom bomb goes off it scares me silly. I think my granddaughter fell out of her crib. . . . If you men think that a diamond isn't hard, just try getting it back from your former girl friend.

An optimist is a man who says his wife can drive a six-foot car through their seven-foot garage door. A pessimist is a man who builds a 12-foot door for his wife's six-foot car and then stands by while he crosses his fingers.

Did you know that the American yew trees which surround our government buildings in Washington, D.C., have a botanical name all their own? They're called 'Taxus Taxus.' What else?

It's Gene Sherman's story about the wealthy young man who became addicted to alcohol. He lost everything and wound up on skid row penniless, sick at heart, and emaciated in body. Realizing he could sink no lower, he wrote to his father: "Dear dad, I just can't go on. I must bury my pride and ask you for help. I have no place to turn. Help me. . . ." and just then he espied a gin bottle lying nearby. He picked up the bot-

tle and quickly drained the few remaining drops. Then, turning back to his letter he wrote: "And, dad, if there is anything I can do for you, please let me know."

There was the well-stuffed gentleman who was asked by a friend: "It seem to me that you put food before everything else. Don't you ever miss a meal?" To which the well-nutritioned fellow replied: "I certainly do. I miss one now. Where's a good restaurant?"

Name-calling: if you're a victim of the television disease which keeps you in an overstuffed chair in a dark room for endless hours, you are a vidiot. . . . Little boy: "Dad, what's a red traffic light for?" Father: "That's to mark the meeting place where the careful drivers catch up to all the reckless drivers who passed them at 60 miles per hour."

Carpenter: "I had to leave early because of illness." His wife: "What happened?" Carpenter: "My boss got sick of me." . . . There's a low-price hi-fi FM tuner on the market called "Teeco." Great! . . . I'll never be able to understand department: the boy who is a long-distance runner on his high school track team but he refuses to get a loaf of bread around the corner without taking the family automobile.

He was given instructions to buy a turkey on the same day that Santa Anita opened. When he returned home with empty arms, his wife asked: "Where's the turkey?" and he replied: "He was still running when I left."

The SQUIRREL CAGE

By REID BUNDY

Lt. D. C. Cook, head of the Police Department's juvenile bureau and coordinator of parades here for most civic events, might keep in mind an announcement made by a parade coordinator on another occasion when he was making plans for the event:

"There will be a parade next Saturday afternoon, but if it rains in the afternoon the parade will be held in the city's rainy afternoons."

This Jan. 26 parade might just happen to hit one of the city's rainy afternoons.

We've received a number of calls again yesterday after a Los Angeles paper republished a picture of a Torrance girl standing at the Torrance city limits sign near Lomita with a rather sly grin saying "Torrance Go Home!"

Most of the callers want to know what a Torrance girl is doing, lending her charm to an anti-Torrance crusade.

We can't answer them.

Unhappy friend of ours was all lined up with a command performance with his boss early last Tuesday. After making arrangements for a gay party in his home the night before (New Year's Eve), he was informed that the boss had lined up seats for the Rose Parade and Rose Bowl game for the staff.

"I'll pick you up at 7 a.m., Tuesday," the boss said cheerily.

Well, our stout-hearted friend went ahead with the party, but maintains that the first day of the year was a long, long one. The last guest departed just in time for him to get out to the curb and meet the boss.

This is the end of Municipal Court Week in California and it reminds us of the woman accused of smoking in a hotel bed and setting it on fire who was up before the judge.

"But, Judge, I didn't do a thing," she wailed. "I didn't set the bed on fire—it was already on fire before I got in!"

A rollturner we'll call John, who used to work in Johnstown, Pa., gets involved each year with a wager on the PCC or Big 10 when grid representatives of each conference clash at the Rose Bowl.

It all started out innocently a few years ago when John wrote back to a friend in Pennsylvania that he would risk a couple of scooters on the PCC entry if he had a taker. Fourteen accepted by telegram, and it cost him \$28 to get out of it. We didn't win.

He only got stuck for \$10 this year—and he got plenty of points, too.

So when it came time to pay off, he went to the bank, got a brand new \$10 bill, had it laminated between two sheets of canopy plexiglass, smoothed off the corners, and engraved it "THE PAYOFF."

He's now willing to give odds that the winner of the wager will never be able to spend his prize. But it'll make a nice wall decoration.

The church of your choice and the God of your faith. It's "Merry Christmas" and "Rosh Hoshannah." It's the "dig" in dignity. It's the cross in the steeple and the cross in the heart. It's the star of Bethlehem, not the star of the Kremlin. It's the crossing of 48 states without a permit and being able to buy the same coke and the same 10-cent cigar. It's the common man driving to work in an un-

common car. It's the Christian and Jew in a 60-year-old million-dollar Chicago partnership selling shoes. It's the Negro or the white driving the same model car. It's the "thank you" . . . the "if you please" to the maid who sweeps your floor. It's the right to grow from a lowly cabin to a cabin-plane.

It's the abundance of milk and orange juice for the baby of the millionaire or pauper. It's the risk you can take in

AFTER HOURS

By JOHN MORLEY

What do you mean when you say . . . the American way of life. What do we mean when we say . . . American democracy. Our friends across the world do not always understand us or fully realize what we mean. As a foreign correspondent, covering the world constantly and addressing many audiences in some 40 countries, I know that many people are not fully aware of what makes Americans tick.

Of course . . . the American way of life . . . means different things to different Americans, as well as our friends abroad. But when you diagnose it closely, it's as personal as a toothache. For our way of life is not simply a republican form of government, freely elected by the people. It is not just having a president instead of a dictator, or a Congress, or the final judgment of a Supreme Court. It is not just a way of life based on law. It is not just the formal pronouncements of a great Constitution which has weathered the test of turbulent times. The American way of life includes many of these things in various measures. But it is infinitely much more. It is a thousand little acts and things of the mind and the heart and the spirit which happen in the homes and highways of America every day. It's a personal common denominator of blessings, courtesies, attitudes and frames of mind that no one as yet has clearly defined with a million words. For the American way of life is as infinite as the heavens and as broad as the seas and the stars.

The "first-come-first-served" in the ticket line, without regard to rags or riches. It's the "brother" in the brotherhood of man. It's the "don't" in "don't shove." It's the right to say "nuts" to anybody. It's the right to talk back to the president of the United States and the president of U. S. Steel. It's every man for himself . . . by his own bootstraps . . . regardless of the side of the tracks his parents came from. It's the right to be heard before Congress or the mayor of the town. It's the trial by jury . . . the right of appeal . . . the principle that a man is innocent until proven guilty.

It's the nasty letter to the editor or the governor of the state. It's the right to complain, to quit, to tell the boss to go where. It's the right to cheer or to boo. It's the "like" and "Adia!" stickers on the neighbor's car. It's the right to run for any public office in the land. It's the cry of "robber" at the umpire and referee. It's the right to raise the roof at your congressman for the color on a postage stamp. It's the right to petition, to protest, to arbitrate a dispute between a powerful institution and plain John Smith. It's the tension at the last half of the ninth, with the stands clamoring for the underdog. It's the Community Chest, the Red Cross, the cancer fund, the heart fund, the paralysis fund, the Hungarian fund and 200 other funds.

The church of your choice and the God of your faith. It's "Merry Christmas" and "Rosh Hoshannah." It's the "dig" in dignity. It's the cross in the steeple and the cross in the heart. It's the star of Bethlehem, not the star of the Kremlin. It's the crossing of 48 states without a permit and being able to buy the same coke and the same 10-cent cigar. It's the common man driving to work in an un-

common car. It's the Christian and Jew in a 60-year-old million-dollar Chicago partnership selling shoes. It's the Negro or the white driving the same model car. It's the "thank you" . . . the "if you please" to the maid who sweeps your floor. It's the right to grow from a lowly cabin to a cabin-plane.

It's the abundance of milk and orange juice for the baby of the millionaire or pauper. It's the risk you can take in

a 20-foot roadside hamburger stand, or a \$2,000,000 plant making ball-point pens. It's the thrill of the uncharted road . . . the challenge of doing it first. It's the good grooming of the dime store clerk, as well as the dowager. It's the 30 flavors of ice cream, the 57 varieties of food, the 21 different reds for lady's lipstick. It's the mustard on the hot dog, or ham on rye . . . or no mustard at all. It's the choice of lunch hour at noon or 2 p.m. It's our free clubs, societies, patriotic, political, fraternal and social organizations. It's the right to organize almost anything, any time, any where.

The haberdasher, becoming president and some other haberdasher calling him a bum. It's the faith of the currency without benefit of gold. It's the footsteps of the milkman at 5 a.m., not the secret police. It's the privacy of the telephone and the front room. It's every man "his castle." It's the feeling of safety across 50,000 miles of unfamiliar roads. It's the water free of disease and contamination. It's the regulations for the safety of your health. It's the million dollar school house for your child. It's the low cost car and the low cost gas. It's the fat pay check . . . the fattest in the world. It's the respect of womanhood and the helping hand on the rook. It's the first aid and the spirit to a hospital when emergency strikes. It's the neighborliness when needed around the clock. It's the absence of government informers. It's the public schools in the hands of the public, not a bureaucracy. It's the pedestrian's right of way no matter what top brass is driving the car. It's the unopened letter delivered by the mailman. It's the feeling of security at midnight or high noon. It's the "don't tread on me." It's the "I don't agree with what you say, but I will defend your right to say it."

The "Pledge of Allegiance" under God, indivisible. It's an ideal no dictator has ever successfully disproved. It's a song the words of which have never grown stale. It's the giving away of billions to friend and foe alike abroad upon the altar of peace and goodwill toward men. It's 36,000 U. S. dead in Korea, who sacrificed only for a principle 8,000 miles from home. It's the "U" in Uncle Sam. It's a Molotov allowed to walk freely on the sidewalks of New York. It's 168,000,000 free Americans from this and other lands. It's a composite of the fighting Irish, the determined Dutch, the ingenious Italians, the idealistic French, the proud English, the scientific Germans, the frugal Balkans, the reliable Swedes, the adventurous Scandinavians. It's the Gallie urge to dream and to create. It's the equality of a Mike Sullivan, Tony Marino, Abe Cohen, Sam Wislawsky, George Papadopoulos, Eric Schmidt, Peter van Damm. It's the respect for Catholic, Protestant, Jew, Orthodox, Buddhist, Moslem . . . Theosophist, Adventist, Mormon, Quaker . . . Holy Roller.

It's the aristocrat from Mount Vernon . . . and the poor, homesy, lanky, unhappy lad from Hodgenville, both elected to the presidency of the United States.

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